46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Saturday.

Jan 6th 1907

Dear Violet.

Here I am again in a
luxurious country house,
with butler & footmen, & no
whole place flowing with
cheerful domestic life, & kindness
& sweetness - but I dont feel
myself a part yet. Still, it
is really worth seeing - because
they are none of them extraordinary
& yet set in motion like this
the whole effect is harmonious
like a comfortable family
picture by a Dutch painter (shall

46. Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

we say?) I feel drivelly stupid,
& only half in my right senses.
I can't talk good sense for long,
& I had to sit by a great fire
& discuss the state of the Church in

NYPL

France.
Adrian has gone off shooting, &
I spent the morning decorating
a Christmas tree - hanging long
Chains of bells & tinsel across it
& pennies with candles to all
the twigs. This reminded me
of my own youth. Then we
sprinkled the whole thing with
stuff like fishes scales, &
wrapped the pot in scarlet cloth.

Then I stuck a lamp & toffee & an orange into a green muslin bag- then I was shown the kitchen & the servants dinner. O dear how odd & simple all this is - & I suppose it is as good a way as spending ones life as another. It is very melodious, as I say to Nina & Elvi when I want to be laughed at. It is a large family, & they marry, & produce children & come & settle near, & you feel that the prolific power & the race is boundless. Moreover they mix with great smoothness & sweetness, & circle round Mr. & Mrs. Booth like so many humming tops. Mrs. Booth is charming; she sits upright & talks admirable sense in a clear high voice - takes broad views & the church in France quarrels Bonnet - discusses politics - & meanwhile sympathises & advises

worth each daughter. son + baby,
+ keeper [illegible] all depended from
her middle finger. how I
must go + light my candles, which
I have perched in a way of my
own; I have also to show them
how [illegible] to fasten a sponge to a
stick. I shall be seven + yellow
bag of toffee when this ale over. +
We end with snap dragons.
I am so sorry (O read it how [illegible] likes!)
that Izzie is so bad. It is
damnable for you. I suppose
you will wait to go away till
he is better. I am glad that [illegible]
can hop round the room; only
do take care. You are an
[illegible] woman. Another
very happy + charitable letter
from Nessa. I think our visit
really was a success.

NYPL

L.W.

CLEEVE HOUSE,
MELKSHAM,
WILTS.

Wednesday. Jun. 1907.

My Violet.

The thickness of this nib & the legacy of this paper with shew you that I am in a rich & illiterate house, but in its own grounds, gothic, barbaric. I dip my pen into the hoof of an old hunter. But to business. We came here late on Monday. & were greeted by Mama & Clive, standing like husband & wife before a great log fire. He was a symbolic figure. He was a Yorkeser - you see attitude.

how pompous I am – certainly
looks well – I thought her
thinner, but her weight has
gone up slightly. I want
talk of her health, because
I am always prejudiced, as
you know it. Besides it is a
subject upon which I can never
speak without a quickened
pulse. It was strange
& rather strained, but by no
means alarming. A little
rabbit faced woman, craning
forward – attenuated, with
wisps of white hair, delicate
creases in her face, & eager
abstract blue eyes: that is
Mrs. Bell: her husband
is light – simple – not as
solid as I expected – a very
cheerful cordial – obviously country

gentleman who has probably not been at college. The daughters are so exactly what one would have guessed; it is absurd to write it out. They play hockey & beagle, & laugh at Punch jokes, & come down to dinner in pale blue satin with satin bows in their hair.

Neither you had a moment's shyness - indeed I made soliloquies, vague & rather fantastic, & Miss Bell looks as if she thought us a parcel of clever children, who has yet to learn the meaning of shyness.

Yesterday I rather lost my temper & went out to trample it into the mud. But since that I have been very nice & sweet tempered. & I get calm & domestic. Clive certainly is an interesting person. & I really feel happier, & yet some glimpse of what means

means by marrying him.
She is as happy as anyone can
be; a more utter personality than
she was. She seems to
have taken her bearings, -
to see her life ahead of her in
her own clear & reasonable
way. I don't think
marriage will make any
difference, because the least I
us survive, though it is a-d
painful to cut away the
inferior parts. They talk of
7th Feb. & will be away
almost 3 months. Also
they take in Gordon Sq. so
we are free to choose our
house at once. Are you well
today - how is Oggy? I could
write a good deal about you but
I dare say you would be bored.
We sleep Thursday night in
London & so on to Doo on Friday
morning - A. Lunting!

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

6th Feb. 1907

My Violet.

This is written in the midst of your last night. We have all been to Fidelio.

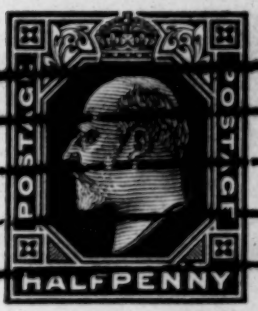
Isn't day seem very turbulent but tomorrow it will be all over. Really marriage makes very little difference — no I hate her saying so. But I really am away. But I really have been quite overtempered.

I say not at home to everyone.
Margaret Gillespie is
coming one day.
Katharine Furse.

I hope you really
are well
comfortable.
Working upon a cheerful
future. Your present
is lovely. Settlements
signed & done.
With much love

NYPL

POST CARD



LONDON W.C.

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.

2. AM

FEB 8 07

NYPL

Miss Dickinson,
at The Chestnuts
Aldeburgh on Sea.
Suffolk.

Feby 8. 1907

[Vanessa's Wedding & Christening]

Wedding successful, —
very quick & simple.
But I hear I lost
lost Peig in the
Pentonville Rd. &
the motor taxi
shot out so that they
missed seeing her —
& had to wait till
12.40. Vanessa sent me
a line, much amused.

T.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

9th July 1907

My Violet.

I know I have behaved very badly & selfishly & not cheerfully as Ozzy would have me.
I feel numb & dumb, & unable to lay hands on any words. It is just calm & pleasant today, & I feel elderly & prosaic, & much as though I were 50.

Here I said written yet - but
I suppose they arrived."
George NYPL his mother were
bound to upset everything.
There is no news I think -
I saw some horses this
afternoon, & I think we
shall get one at one
price. There are so
many people are so
anxious to let.

Love and son -

What do you do I wonder.

Don't write letters about me or my feelings, but about yourself.

Adrian is perfectly charming, & I do what to make a cheerful place for him. It is terrible that he should have no brother.

But we go along — I wrote this morning — rather well I think. Margaret L. comes to-morrow. I like her — but it is like making Pyramids when you talk to her —

Take care

LWS